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Parting.

"So far—so far!" Nay, sweet! nor distant lands,
Nor breadth of waters can avail to bar
My love from thee. Alas! 'tis ever far,
To yearning hearts, the smallest place that stands
Beyond the compass of outstretching hands;
And never near—how close so e'er to each
True lovers be—if kisses may not reach
Across the distance. Since harsh fate commands,
Darling, farewell! With tearful eyes I go,
Unknowing when the glad return shall be;
But I will think—to mitigate my woe—
How loving souls of time and tide are free;
And oft, to greet thee, dearest, mine I know,
Exultant, will o'erleap the sundering sea!

THAT HOME-MADE ICE CREAM.

"Good gracious, mar!" said Angelica Crane to her overworked parent, at nightfall of a memorable day—a day that marked the beginning of the young squire's Christmas holidays at home, and every minute of it crammed and crowded with labor for the entertainment in his honor at the Crane homestead—"good gracious! you ain't going to have some home-made cream, surely?" The young lady's nose, which was exceedingly *retrousse* already, was perched high in the air with disdain. "If there's anything I can't abide," she said, "it's frozen corn starch; and that's all you can make of home-made cream, any way you fix it!"

"Hold your tongue, Angy," said her mother; "you're the most onfeelin' creetur I ever see. You'd hev me harness up the team and drive away to town and pay out a mint of money, when I kin jest as well hev it for nothin'. Hain't we got a prime new freezer, and cream and eggs and ice, without its costin' a cent? What more do you want?"

"A prime new freezer!" scornfully echoed Angy. "You'll want half a dozen of 'em!"

"Well, can't I borry 'em?" said her prudent parent.

"And who's going to hang over 'em?" said the young lady, whose stay at boarding school had not obliterated the home dialect. "They need to be turned and turned, and everybody's worn out. It's nearly time to dress now, and you want a little coolin' off yourself. You're as red as a beet."

"I'll stay if I can be of any service," said a voice in the doorway.

"Why, Sally," said Mrs. Crane, "you'll want to run home and dress, won't you?"

"Oh, I'd rather not," said the voice, this time trembling a little. "I don't feel fit for any fun, Mrs. Crane. It don't seem to me I ever will again."

"I s'pose not, deary," said the farmer's wife, with an expression of pity mingled with relief. "It'll be dreadful convenient to hev you stay, Sally, if you kin. There's a power to do yet, and only one pair o' hands to do it. I s'pose you wouldn't keer to go up in the parlor; but the freezers'll be in the cellar, and the heater keeps it nice and warm down there; and while you're a-makin' the cream, you kin listen to the music, and hear the noise and all. It'll come kind o' nice to you that way, won't it, Sally?"

"Good life, mar!" laughed the vivacious daughter; "is that what you call nice? It reminds me of the little hungry boy who went to smell the steam at the pastry cook's!"

"You don't know nothin' about the way Sally feels," said Mrs. Crane, "nor I don't think you could if you tried. I believe you'd dance and whis'le about before the grass took root over your pappy's grave; but Sally loved hern, poor child, and she can't help thinkin' of the poor schoolmaster lyin' out there in the snow, when here he was, only a bit ago, as click and smart as anybody. It's no knowin' whose turn it'll be next."

Whether the good woman had any reason of her own for thus dwelling upon a melancholy subject, it decided poor little Sally's aversion for the merry making, and put to flight the gay Angelica, who was in no humor for red eyes and noses, when the young squire would shortly come, and it behooved these features to be at their best.

But Sally fell to sobbing outright, not giving a thought to the deleterious effect of tears upon her beauty, although once upon a time it was bright and bonny enough to ensnare the young squire himself. Long ago, when he drew her to school on his handsome sled, he made many a stumble over the ice in looking back upon the sweet face under its scarlet hood, the little cheeks all aglow, and the yellow curls wantoning about with the brisk wintry air. Sally's was always the biggest apple from the finest tree in the orchard; the most luscious grapes from the grapery found their way to Sally's desk; and in the intervals of his possessing a penknife young Master Randall left no blunt pencil in Sally's sachel.

When it became necessary that he should be sent to a place of instruction befitting his station in life, and the fiat had gone forth that the dear old days at the village school should become part and parcel of the past; when he must bid good-bye to his romps in the new-mown hay, his races with the young colts in the ten-acre field, his berrying and picnicking, his coasting down the glorious old hill; when he must part with his dog Lancer and his gun and his pony—above all, with Sally—it was a heartrending time. Whatever grown up folks may think of these childish griefs, they are as tough to bear as the heavier ones that come later, and they leave great ugly scars that are sometimes only half healed over.

When Will Randall cut Sally's name and his own deep into the bark of the old walnut tree at the foot or the lane, it seemed to him that the knife went into his heart with every turn of the letters in her precious name. Tears rolled out of his eyes in spite of his manly endeavor to choke them down; as for Sally, she had given way long ago, and, with her sunbonnet tight down over her face, was watering the gray old moss at the foot of the tree with floods of childish woe.

At last it was done; there were the initials linked together deep in the rugged bark; the crimson light from the western sky shone full upon each and all. Will put his knife back in his pocket with a click of determination, gulped back his tears at once and for the last time, and taking Sally from the ground, he smoothed back her yellow locks, coaxing her into quiet with the solemn promise of his loyalty henceforth and forever to the love between them. He declared that the names linked there upon the tree should never be separated while life remained to him, and with many a vow of fealty coined from the books he had devoured among the lumber in the garret, and simple plaints of love brought up from the depths of his little swelling heart, Will bade little Sally good-bye.

But alas for the inexorable decrees of fate and fashion! Seven long years had passed and gone since that last trysting time, and although the two names were still linked together upon the old walnut tree, the two little lovers had drifted far apart.

Young Master Randall went from one place of instruction to another till he reached the *summum bonum* of a veritable college. Taking advantage of the absence of their son and heir, the big folks at the hall went abroad; the house was closed, and although many an apple and bunch of grapes from the old place reached Sally, with the rest of the villagers, she never cared to taste these luxuries from stranger hands. Will spent his holidays away, and Sally would not even have heard the sound of his name had it not been for the sojourn of Angelica Crane at a boarding school near the college. Perhaps Sally would rather not have heard his name than thus from the lips of Angelica, whose bump of reverence was small, and who held he young squire pretty much as she held everybody—important in the ratio that they contributed to her own pleasure.

The acres of Farmer Crane were broad and wide, and outnumbered by many a score those that belonged to the Randall family; it was whispered that even the goodliest property of the old squire was heavily mortgaged to the shrewd and forehanded countryman, and that a match between Miss Angelica and the young squire would not be a bad thing for the latter. On the other hand, these plain folks at the Crane homestead had spared no pains to show their willingness to further whatever plans were made for the joining of these two goodly estates.

Angelica herself had confided to Sally that she had more strings to her bow than one, but that she knew which she preferred, and had often tortured the poor little maiden, when during Angelica's holidays they had spent a night or two together, by reading her, among other love letters, some productions from the eloquent and ardent pen of Will Randall, poor little Sally's perfidious lover. Long after Angelica's curl papers had ceased to rattle upon the pillow, the soft silken rings of Sally's yellow hair were wet with tears of envy and girlish despair.

But as years went by, and old time softened the bitterness of those holiday stabs by dealing others of a more vivid and startling character, when cares and griefs close at hand crowded about her and hemmed her in, she became resigned to this one among the rest, and even talked with Angelica of her loves and lovers with a coolness that astonished herself. There became a less and less grievous similarity in the description of the young squire to that shy, sweet memory of Sally's of long ago. He had now, it appeared, an incipient mustache, his hands were white, he was more and more "perfectly splendid" with every fresh confidence; and this brilliant figure left the old simple, tender likeness all to itself in Sally's young heart, and it became dead and buried like all the glad things of life, along with her father, the schoolmaster, and the pale young mother she could just remember; and as she turned the ice cream freezers that night in the cellar of Farmer Crane, not one thought of jealous spite or envy of the fair Angelica came into her little head.

She did listen to the music, and heard the noise above, and it was "a sort of nice," as Mrs. Crane had said; and as she turned and turned one freezer after another, Sally became interested enough in her work to forget more important trials close at hand.

It made the soul of the farmer's wife glad within her, when she went down to taste the cream, to find it beginning to be all that her fancy painted.

"It's prime," she said, smacking her lips and holding the spoon to Sally's prety mouth. "Jest taste it, and tell me if that ain't fur ahead of Towzer's stuff in town. It stands to reason, Sally; there's real cream in that ar—none o' yer nasty skimmin's! Now keep right on, dear; be jest as keerful as you kin, 'cause now's the resky time when the hull thing kin be sp'iled by a mite o' keerlessness. Jest turn and turn, dear, first one, then t'other, this a-way, and that a-way. The idee of that pesky da'ter o' mine tellin' me only a minit ago she knowed it'd be lumpy and soft! And, Sally, she's the most unfeelin' "—

"It's only her fun," said Sally.

"Fun!" echoed the vexed matron. "Wa'al, it's a mean kind of fun, and it'd sarve her right if she came out the little end o' the horn yet. But we'll take keer o' the cream, won't we, Sally?"

"That we will, ma'am," said Sally, warmly.

"Jest turn and turn, you know," said the poor woman, and went up the cellar steps, not knowing that destiny had some work of her own to do that night, and had ruthlessly chosen the farmer's wife for the agent of her own discomfiture. At the top of the steps she met the young squire. He said that, like the young woman in the ballad, he was weary of dancing, and proposed to have the old game of copenhagen—and could she tell him where he could get a rope?

"Why, yes," said Mrs. Crane, "there's one right down here in the cellar. I'll git it, Will—that's right; hev all the fun you kin; you can't be young but once;" and down she went into the cellar again.

Now if she had only contented herself with getting the rope and handing it to the young squire, who stood waiting at the top of the steps, all would have been well. He had scarcely left Angelica's side the whole evening; he had whispered lots of pretty things in her ears; he determined to tap no hand but hers in the ring. If Mrs. Crane had only handed him the rope without a word! but she couldn't help it, poor woman; it was the fault of destiny, as I said before. Something compelled her to stand right at the foot of the stairs and whisper:

"Keep right on, Sally dear—turn and turn, like a good little lass."

And she might better have spoken aloud. Her whisper was of that stentorian description that it cut the air; it fell swoop upon the ear of the young squire, and presently he heard a sweet low voice in reply:

"Yes, ma'am, I'll attend to it nicely."

He went back with the rope, in a daze. What was to be turned and turned, and who was the turner? What Sally was it that owned that sweet low voice? and what sweet low voice owned that dear name of Sally? Will Randall had been famous at school and college for solving problems; he never would, in fact, leave one unsolved; and presently he slipped away from the rope, out of the room, and made his way direct to the cellar door. He opened it softly, closed it carefully behind him, and went slowly down the steps. The bull'seye of the furnace glared at him as if the genius of fire within was bent upon some spree of his own one of these days; he heard a squeak, squeak, squeak, a little off in the dim distance, and followed the mysterious noise, confident it had something to do with that problem he was bent upon solving. He walked on tiptoe, passing many a coal bin heaped to the top with coal; his locks brushed many a ham and tongue and juicy bit of bacon; he saw many a hanging shelf filled with Christmas cheer; it was fit to soften the heart of this young scion of a noble but impoverished house. The squeaking noise became more and more distinct. He turned the corner of a preserve closet, and suddenly he stood still, because he couldn't go on; his feet stopped; his pulse almost ceased to beat; he saw something that sent the blood flying to his heart—that perfidiously false yet faithful heart. He saw the slim little figure of a woman perched upon an old broken hen-coop, her black dress tucked up out of the water that escaped from half a dozen freezers around her; her little right hand turning one freezer, her little left hand turning another; her soft silky yellow hair all fluffed about her pretty head—that yellow hair that would match exactly with the exquisite color of the one holding the place of honor among all his locks of hair; her sweet lips parted with anxiety for the fate of the cream, as they had parted long ago with a far deeper and warmer anxiety—those sweet, sweet lips! Could it be? Oh, was it his own little Sally—his one, only Sally, the pure idol of his boyish love? Oh, what divine, rapturous problem was this given him to solve?

That pumping apparatus about his heart began to work again with a will. He crept around the preserve chest, between the freezers, and putting one hand upon Sally's lips, with the other drew her close upon his heart.

"Hush, darling," he whispered; "it is I—Will—your own faithful Will. Oh, Sally! Sally!"

Her little falling head he caught in time, and kissed her fainting lips to life. He said more in a minute to Sally than he had whispered all the night above. He decided her fate and his own in the twinkling of an eye, and unblushingly believed he was but fulfilling all the vows of long ago under the walnut tree. As for Sally—shy, trembling Sally—she was in a rapture of bewilderment, of joy and bliss, that is seldom reached by mortals, until suddenly the cellar door opened; then, indeed, the crimson in Sally's cheeks paled, the stentorian whisper of Mrs. Crane was heard upon the steps:

"It must be jest right now. It's bin turnin', you know, long enough now; it kin set by, and Sally might jest as well as not hev a little fun. I lay anything it's jest the primest stuff you ever see."

"The cream is spoiled," whispered Sally, her big, loving, tearful, happy eyes upon Will's.

"Not a bit of it," said her companion. And although that cream was certainly lumpy and a little soft, Will declared it the best he ever tasted, or would taste for the remainder of his life; and as the cream was made for him, what did it matter?

Angelica, having plenty of strings to her bow, didn't mourn over it grievously; but poor Mrs. Crane from that time forward bought her cream at Towzer's.

The Copper Product of 1875.

Copper mining in Lake Superior has proved to be a profitable business. The *Northwestern Mining Journal* publishes a list of assessments and dividends from which it appears that $9,870,000 have been assessed, $18,070,000 have been divided, and there is in the treasuries of nine mines $4,668,000. The total profit, therefore, since 1844 has been $12,868,000, if these figures are complete. Mining in that region is however in a peculiar condition, for one mine, the Calumet and Hecla, produced 86.6 per cent. of the copper mined in the district in 1875. The total yield was 12,500 tons, and the principal mines contributed as follows: Calumet and Hecla, 86.6 per cent.; Osceola, 4.8 per cent.; Allouez, 3.6 per cent.; Franklin, 29 per cent.; Pewabic, 1.3 per cent.; and Atlantic a little less than one per cent. The importance of the Calumet and Hecla mine may be seen from the following figures of the English copper production in 1874. Great Britain in that year smelted from home ores 5,240 tons, and from foreign ores 20,956 tons of copper. The Calumet and Hecla therefore produced twice as much as all the mines in Great Britain together.

HANGING A MAN.—By the physician's watch the weight fell, at the execution of John Dolan in New York, at 9:33½ o'clock. The memoranda were as follows: First minute, pulse 72; second, 92; third, 108; fourth, 76; fifth, 74; sixth, 70; seventh, 66; eighth, 48. After this the pulse ceased to act at the wrist. In thirteen and one-half minutes the heart stopped beating, and Dolan was pronounced dead. The coroner's jury found that death was caused by asphyxia from judicial hanging.

What is Worn.

Striped cambric for the skirt with checked for the polonaise, make very effective suits.

Ties made of silk thread in large, square meshes, with fringed ends, are fashionable.

Gray and blue and light and dark brown are the favorite combinations for children's suits.

The fashionable skirt trimming is not deeper than ten inches above the bottom of the dress.

The apron overskirt, with long bows and ends in the back, is still seen at some of the openings.

Hamburg and hand embroidered ruffles are both used for trimming ladies' white underskirts.

Sashes made of alternate rows of lace and ribbon, with deep lace ends, bid fair to be popular.

White pique and Hamburg embroidery are used in making kilt-plaited suits both for girls and boys.

A pretty gabrielle for a child is made of Valenciennes lace and insertion, and is to be worn over a silk dress.

Cream colored evening dresses are trimmed with grasses, gray and gone to seed, mingled with red roses.

Parisian dressmakers are discarding the cuirass; their latest suits are made either with basques or polonaises.

White batiste handkerchiefs, with ties to match, have scolloped edges, embroidered in navy blue or cardinal red.

Parisian modistes are making all dresses intended for midsummer wear with the corsage cut to show chemisettes.

Dresses made in Paris to be worn in America, are elaborately trimmed, but if intended for European wear they are not.

Waterproofs, with sleeves, are made with a slit at the waist under the left arm, thus enabling one to hold up the dress.

The new French kilts for boys have a large pocket stitched on directly in front, just below the belt, on the deep box plait.

The new thistle heading for fringe is made of crimped silk thread, tied into round bunches, fastened on a narrow silk tape.

Some of the new rushings for necks and sleeves are made of an outer row of cashmere lace, and an inner one of crepe-lisse.

Sleeveless batiste lace polonaises, either entirely of lace, or lace and silk, buttoned up the back, are worn over silk skirts and waists.

A new trimming for linen suits is a heading of linen lace about half an inch deep, rounded on the edge, and brown silk fringe attached.

Dolmans or sacks made of strong black silk net, with applique work of cashmere or silk, edged with a heavy fringe, are among the latest styles.

The Best Vegetables to Plant.

Scribner's Monthly is printing a series of timely and practical papers in its "Home and Society" department, entitled "Rural Topics," by the well-known horticulturist, P. T. Quinn. The following is from the May number:

April and May are the two busy months in a well-managed vegetable garden. During these months, the most important work of the season has to be hurried through, for planting time is short, and there are many small matters that need prompt attention. First of all is the selection of choice garden seeds of recent growth, and such as will be found true to name. The surest way is to select from each year's crop a few of the same to raise seed from. For the rest, send to some responsible seed merchant, and don't depend on the kind of stock found in small boxes in the country grocery stores. As a matter of reference for those not familiar with the best sort of vegetable seeds and plants, I append the following list, naming two or three kinds of each to select from.

Dwarf Beans.—Early Valentine and Refugee.

Pole Beans.—Large White Lima and Horticultural Cranberry.

Beets—Dark Red Egyptian and Long Smooth Blood.

Cabbage.—Jersey Wakefield (early), and Premium Flat Dutch and Drumhead Savoy (late).

Cucumber.—White Spine and Long Green.

Carrot. — Bliss' Improved Long Orange.

Corn.—Moore's Early and Stowell's Evergreen.

Cauliflower.—Early and Late Erfurt.

Celery.—Dwarf Incomparable and Boston Market.

Egg Plant.—Improved New York.

Lettuce.—Curled Silesia and Butter.

Musk Melon.—Skillman's Fine Netted.

Water Melon.—Mountain Sweet.

Onions.—Wethersfield Red and White Portugal.

Parsnips.—Long Smooth.

Peas.—Philadelphia Extra Early, Carter's First Crop, Champion of England, and White Marrowfat.

Peppers.—Large Squash and Bullnose.

Radishes.—Turnip Scarlet, Long Scarlet, and White Spanish.

Squash.—Summer Crookneck, Boston Marrow, and Hubbard.

In this brief list will be found the leading kinds grown by market and private gardeners near large cities. With bush beans, peas, and radishes, it is best to repeat the sowings every two or three weeks, until the middle of June. By following this plan, a fresh supply of these sorts will keep coming on for table use until late in the season.

A Singular Accident.

A singular and inexplicable accident happened at the plate-glass works at Jeffersonville, Ind. The watchman was startled by hearing a loud noise in the setting-up room resembling the breaking of glass. He feared that all the glass in the room had been broken, and on going there found about one thousand boxes of glass shivered. In the room had been stored about a thousand boxes of glass. The boxes containing the glass were standing on their ends, about six inches apart, and by some means they started falling like a row of bricks, increasing with force as each box fell and going as fast as a railroad train until the end box was reached. Nearly all the glass was broken.

A News Agency.

Some years before the electric telegraph was introduced in Europe, a German of the name of Julius Reuter was busy transmitting commercial news between Berlin, Paris, Brussels, and Frankfort. When the first telegraph line between the capital of Prussia and Aix-la-Chapelle was opened, in 1849, he removed to the latter city, and begun to extend his operations. On England being brought into telegraphic communication with the continent of Europe, in 1851, he established his headquarters in London, and tried for several years to get access to the newspaper offices. His offers were, however, invariably rejected, until at last he proposed, in 1858, by way of trial, to supply for half a year political news from the continent free of charge to several of the London papers. This being the time when French politics attracted a great interest, Reuter succeeded in fulfilling the requirements of the papers and in concluding contracts with them. The Italian war gave him another good chance to bring his telegrams into prominence, while the seizure of the Trent, of which he received information before the English government had it, made of his agency a kind of branch institution of the English press. Every one of the papers, most of which formerly rejected his offers, gradually agreed to pay him one pound sterling a day for the supply of all he news he received. At the same time, his agency becoming better known, a large number of stock and trade exchanges, as well as bankers and merchants, became his subscribers for commercial news. All this enabled him to extend his communications beyond the boundaries of Europe; and at the present moment there is not on the whole face of the globe a place of any commercial or political importance in which Reuter has not an agent.

With the increase of his importance the shrewd Reuter made his subscribers stand higher prices, and the London papers pay him now yearly over $5,000 apiece for what some ten years ago he had difficulty in obtaining $2,000. The English colonial papers, the American Associated Press, the London Press Association (supplying foreign news to provincial English papers), and most of the leading continental papers were naturally led to employ Reuter's agency, and the man, Julius Reuter, who was as poor as Job a quarter of a century ago, is now a baron, and the possessor of an income of something like $150,000 a year. Having become a naturalized English subject, he gave his agency the prestige of an English institution, and brought himself in close business relations with the various similar agencies which have since established themselves in the other capitals, such as Havas-Bullier in Paris, Wolf in Berlin, Stefano in Florence, and the *Exchange Gazette* at St. Petersburg. All the telegraph lines are at his service at reduced rates, and some of his agents being telegraph clerks, valuable private news intrusted to the wire is frequently placed at Reuter's disposal free of charge.

Premature Last Words.

A writer to the Louisville *Courier-Journal* tells the following amusing story: A single shot, followed by a loud shriek, told us that one of my best men, Bradley, was hurt. He proclaimed his agony with a loud voice, turned over on his back and commenced kicking so vigorously that the surgeon had difficulty in getting near him.

"Poor fellow!" said the doctor, "shot in the bladder. I am afraid it is fatal."

"Oh, my God!" said Bradley, "am I a dead man?"

"Keep up your spirits, my boy. Never say die," said Captain Johnson, kneeling kindly over him.

"Doctor," asked the wounded soldier, feebly, "will you write to my mother that I died bravely, doing my duty, with my face to the foe and that I thought of her when I was dying?"

"Yes," said the doctor, with dim eyes and a husky voice, "I will write to her and tell her, too"—

But suddenly springing to his feet, with an indignant voice he said:

"Why, confound it, man, you're not hurt a bit. It is only your canteen that is shot. Get up, will you?"

Bradley raised up slowly, felt himself all over, and with an exceedingly foolish countenance crawled back to his position, amid the uproarious laughter of the whole regiment.

For months after that, on the march, in the camp, and sometimes in the night, you might hear a voice in one direction demanding:

"What shall I tell your mother?" and perhaps half a dozen responses would be heard, "Tell her I died with my face to the foe," and then Bradley would come out and search for the man who said it.

He seldom found him, but when he did there was certain to be a fight.

The Minister's Wife.

The minister's wife, says the *Baptist Magazine*, ought to be selected by a committee of the church. She should be warranted never to have headache or neuralgia; she should have nerves of wire and sinews of iron; she should never be tired nor sleepy, and should be everybody's cheerful drudge; she should be cheerful, intellectual, pious, and domesticated; she should be able to keep her husband's house, darn his stockings, make his shirts, cook his dinner, light his fire, and copy his sermons; she should keep up the style of a lady on the wages of a day laborer, and always be at leisure for "good works," and ready to receive morning calls; she should be secretary to the Band of Hope, the Dorcas Society, and the Home Mission; she should conduct Bible classes and mothers' meeting; should make clothing for the poor and gruel for the sick; and finally, she should be pleased with everybody and everything, and never desire any reward beyond the satisfaction of having done her own duty and other people's too.

JERSEY CATTLE.—The Jersey cattle club has resolved to award a special agricultural prize of $1,000 for the best specimen of Jersey cattle exhibited at the Centennial.

RELICS OF A DEAD RACE.

Wonderful Discoveries by an Artist in the Caves of the Ozark Mountains.

The Missouri *Republican* says: Mr. A. J. Conant, the artist, returned recently from Ozark mountains, where he passed a week in exploring some remarkable caves on the Gasconade and tributary streams, lying principally in Phelps and Pulaski counties. Mr. Conant about two years ago made some interesting discoveries in the regions mentioned of human skulls and skeletons, supposed to belong to a people who existed before the historic period, and as it is understood that he has been engaged since 1862 in collecting the materials of a work on archæology, it may be well supposed that he is enthusiastic in following up his discoveries.

He and his party first visited Bruce's cave, so named after one of the early settlers, who made saltpeter from the cave deposits. The cavern is in the limestone formation, with an entrance about one hundred and thirty feet in the bluffs above the Gasconade river. They first entered a spacious chamber, but as the passage narrowed, the party were forced to get down on their knees and crawl some distance. They next made a nearly perpendicular ascent of fifty feet, when they entered a large chamber sparkling with stalactites of a snowy whiteness like alabaster, with hundreds of bats hanging in festoons from the roof. Having explored the caverns, the work of excavating begun at the mouth of the cave, where bones and implements were found. They made a vertical section of six feet, and studied the stratification of the soft deposits. The layers changed from a black, rich roil, to ashes, alternating with strata composed of soil and ashes intermixed. It was in these strata that human bones and fragments were found. The skulls exhibits a low facial angle, and the teeth, some of which dropped out, are well preserved. There is the skull of on old man, known from the knitting together of the sutures, and also one of an infant of almost wafer-like thinness, and the several parts separated at the sutures. Beside the skulls were also found arrow and spear heads, flint implements, knives and awls for sewing skins, made of bone, very hard and polished; also the bones of the turtle, deer and wild turkey, intermingled with various fragments of carnivorous and browsing animals not yet identified. Great care was required in exhuming these remains, as the skulls were liable to be broken by the pick.

The second cave explored was about a mile distant from the former, and is locally known as Ash cave, from the fact that there is a deposit of ashes from the saltpeter manufactured there about thirty years ago. These saltpeter operations have so far disturbed the original deposits that nothing satisfactory could be obtained, except one corpse, which was found in a sitting posture, with the knees drawn up on the face. With this corpse was also found the nearly entire skeleton, very much decayed, of an elk or large sized deer.

A Puzzled Boarder.

It was late in the fall when our good Mrs. Middlecrust went down to the market and selected a tub of butter. She always bought good butter. In fact, she was determined that none of her boarders should ever have just cause of complaint against the quality of her provisions.

"Madam," said the market man, "I would advise you to secure two tubs of that butter. I shall have none better, and butter will be sure to rise in price through the winter."

Mrs. Middlecrust bought two tubs, and on her way home she bethought herself how she could contrive to make that butter last through to spring. Ah! a happy thought; she would toast the bread for supper, and butter it herself. Buttered toast was the thing.

Accordingly the good woman set out upon her plan of saving. For tea the loaves were nicely and evenly sliced, gently browned before the fire, and very gently and carefully buttered. As her boarders took their seats, she fancied that one or two of them were looking for the butter, so she smilingly said:

"I have buttered the bread myself, gentlemen. As it was toasted, I thought it would be nicer so."

Mr. Nipkins, a bald-headed bank clerk, wearing spectacles, took a slice of the toasted bread, and examined it long and critically.

"Mr. Nipkins, is anything the matter with your bread?" asked the landlady.

"No, no—nothing is the matter with the bread." And he turned it over and submitted it to further examination.

"Mr. Nipkins," persisted the good woman, growing red in the face, "if nothing is the matter, why do you behave in that manner? I like my boarders to be frank with me."

"My dear Mrs. Middlecrust," replied Mr. Nipkins, looking up serenely, "I will be frank. When I was a boy, if we wished to express a state of extreme mental obtuseness, we were wont to say of the obtuse one, that 'he didn't know which side his bread was buttered on.' I think I must be losing some of my perceptive faculties. I find no fault with your provisions, dear madam; the fault must be in me. I have lived and eaten two-and-fifty years, and for the first time in my life I find myself unable to decide on which side my bread is buttered."

Mrs. Middlecrust left her boarders to butter their own bread after that.

A Mistaken Notion.

It is mistaken kindness in mothers to excuse their daughters from all participation in the work of the house, since it deprives them of exercise that would benefit their health, and of a habit of usefulness, highly valuable to girls of all classes. If this has been the experience of our readers, we would advise them, whilst they honor the disinterested affection that has spared them all domestic labor, to change their habits on leaving school, and to make a point of taking care of their own chambers at least, if the arrangements of the family do not render further exertion in that way desirable.

Items of Interest.

A combination lock—The marriage ceremony.

Laziness travels so slow that poverty soon overtakes him.

Times are called hard when lazy men are obliged to work for a living.

Mr. James Gorden Bennett's wedding is said to have been postponed one year.

The best centennial notes a reporter can pick up are hundred dollar bills.

A person can walk eighty-four miles in the Centennial buildings if he feels likes it.

The ability to make money is a talent; the ability to keep it is two; the ability to use it wisely and well is ten.

A farmer writes to a paper to ask "how long cows should be milked?" Why, the same as short cows, of course.

An effort to save three cents will cost a Hancock (Pa.) county man something over a hundred dollars. He merely used the same postage stamp twice.

The editor of the Boston *Post* heard a very clever woman say: "I do not wish anybody to do anything naughty, but if they do, I want to know all about it."

The London correspondent of a Liverpool paper understands that the reason why the queen did not read her own speech at the opening of Parliament was that she is unable to read without glasses, and it was thought that the sight of the sovereign in spectacles would look a little unmajestic.

The times are so dull that the policemen are in desperation. In Richmond one of the guards of the city saw a man standing on the corner, and went for him. "I ain't done nothing," said the man. "Neither have I," said the policeman, "and I'll be turned out if I don't do something."

A traveler was lately boasting of the luxury of arriving at night, after a hard day's journey, to partake of the enjoyment of a well cut ham and the left leg of a goose. "Pray, sir, what is the peculiar luxury of a left leg?" "Sir, to conceive its luxury, you must find that it is the only leg that is left."

A St. Joseph man, one year married, says that there is a great deal in the expression of a back comb to denote the state of the domestic atmosphere. When his wife's comb nestles quietly in its proper place, all is well with him; but when it is lifted and leans forward he says: "Look out for squalls."

A Chicago boy who has been sitting nights reading pirate stories, called his father to supper the other day by bawling out: "What ho, there, base craven! Come hither to thy vesperian hash." And when that father and that son came together it sounded as if the butt had slipped off a twenty-foot flywheel.

A flat of seven or eight rooms on the second floor, in a good location in New York city, cannot be had for less than from $1,500 to $2,000, while those on the upper floors are held at proportionately high figures. But these flats afford facilities for a genteel "come down" for families who have been paying from $4,000 to $6,000 rent in fashionable localities.

A gentleman who, three months ago, borrowed $10 from a capitalist, to whom he gave as security a first mortgage on his watch, went one Saturday to pay it off, and was surprised rather than satisfied to learn that his bill was $29.16. When he remonstrated with the capitalist the latter replied: "Well, the interest looks high, but there are so many losses in this business."

Of the fifteen actually elected Presidents of the United States, seven had, before their elevation, been in the Senate, and of the three who became Presidents through the death of the actual officer, two had been Senators. Those who had not been in the Senate were Washington, the first Adams, Jefferson, Madison, Polk, Taylor, Lincoln, Grant, and Vice-President Fillmore.

Not Like Hard Times.

It did not look much like hard times when the six four-in-hand drags rolled up Fifth avenue. The streets was filled with handsomely dressed women expensively attired; the progress of the coaches interrupted by smart vehicles of all sorts drawn by well-governed horses, and at the park a great throng of carriages. It was a gay scene, and one that could not be got up by an impoverished city. New York is not impoverished. The rich people have a plenty of money—more than they know what to do with, in fact. The trouble is, that not knowing what to do with it, in these days of torpid enterprise, they leave it in banks and trust companies, drawing three or four per cent. interest. Meanwhile the people, and they are the vast majority of our citizens, who are only prosperous or evenly decently comfortable or just kept above want when money is in rapid circulation and enterprise is lively—these people are in trouble. But that does not prevent those who have the money from using it for their own pleasure and comfort. It is better that they should do this, so far as it keeps their money in circulation.—*New York Sun.*

Centennial Notes.

Machinery hall is 1,402 feet long and 360 feet wide. Cost, $792,000.

The United States building covers two acres of ground, and cost $62,000.

Memorial hall is 365 feet long and 210 feet wide. Cost, $1,500,000.

Horticultural hall is 383 feet long and 193 feet wide. Cost, $251,937.

Agricultural hall is 826 feet long and 540 feet wide. Cost, $300,000.

The main building is 1,880 feet long and 464 feet wide. Cost, $1,600,000.

The annex to Memorial hall, covering as much ground as the whole of the original structure, has been completed, and transferred to the board of finance by the contractors.

There are thirteen places of entrance to the exhibition grounds, representing the old thirteen States. At each will be a number of gates, set apart for exhibitors, pressmen, high political officials, women and children, respectively.